FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

"For a world united in prayer"

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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880-1956)

Our purpose: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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EDITORIAL

FELLOWSHIP BUSINESS

I have said before that in my opinion how an individual arrives at a spiritual life doesn't matter just as long as he or she does arrive eventually. Some of us who have made our arrivals the hard way through disillusion, disappointment, and despair are inclined to look with envy and perhaps a little unspoken doubt in the direction of those who didn't have to arrive at all but evidently have always been there. And those who have had it easy in this respect, seeming to inherit their serenity as they have their blue eyes or sandy hair, are sometimes likely to regard us as barbarians who insist on dragging difficulty and worse into what for them has always been a sure and beautiful experience. . . .

Since the purpose of Fellowship in Prayer has been the bringing together in understanding of people of all faiths in the common act of prayer, comprehension between these two kinds of people ought to be a simple matter. It is the fact that we are all praying together that matters, not whether we have always done it in synagogues, meeting-houses, or pews of the Episcopal church, and certainly not whether we started to practice it only a few years ago in dark and lonely rooms with no one to teach us and nothing to go on except the fundamental human instinct to turn our eyes upwards . . .

When you want to begin to pray, it is perhaps amazing but true that some of us don't know how to start. (We receive letters stating this.) However, if an individual has received some religious training when young, he or she probably knows the rudiments of the act, remembers the prescribed gestures, say, recalls some of the traditional words. After starting, one is on one's own. And here is where the rest of us often get in to trouble. Once a prayer has been offered, what can I expect? Is the sensation of harmony that follows a truly spiritual release? Or is it just the physical relaxation that follows the expression of a tension? (We know a

lot about psychology, and use its terminologies familiarly, but we know almost nothing about prayer—and have developed no vocabulary for it.) How, for example, do I know an answer to my prayers? Or something that I imagine is an answer? It is a world explored so far only by a select few whom we regard as saints. Yet it is a world vitally important to me, unsaintly though I am. It can be confusing. And upsetting. And discouraging. If you are like me, raised in the confidence that a person of character can succeed at anything if he or she applies himself to it steadfastly enough, you can be discouraged to the point of deciding I am talentless in that direction too.

The difficulty of our efforts to start praying seems to reside in the notion that a prayer must be a conversation face-to-face with God with me doing all the talking until He is disposed to utter a reply. This idea is enough to unnerve anyone, and in my experience it is a mistake to begin there. Perhaps, I have begun to think, the wise thing is to hold such a conversation in abeyance until I have had the chance to learn the protocol of this kind of communication, the sort of language to use, the proper subjects to bring up. . . until, in short, I can feel easy about it.

Unless you run into an emergency and have to open such communication in a hurry, in which case feeling easy does not matter, what you crave when you set out on a new experience is some sort of guide, some hint as to what it is going to be like. I have found that guides are few and far between. There is the Bible and all the great prayers and great formulators of them, but it has been difficult for me (at least until our trip to the Holy Land this spring) to visualize its saints and philosophers as men something like me in any way. What I seem to be seeking is this identification, and it is accomplished most simply for me by contemporaries, people of today who are able to talk to me in my own language out of a frame of reference that I don't have to study to comprehend. However, contemporary novels, where it is my habit to hunt for experiences that are corroborative of my own, seldom include the spiritual lives of

modern men and women, and a fine book such as Douglas Steere's *Dimensions of Prayer* lacks the language to provide me with a conviction of the flesh and blood and muscle and nerve reality of the insights otherwise so intelligently presented. Others feel as I do, I suspect. I don't know how many references to Brother Lawrence have been made to me in letters and manuscripts, and in reading him I have felt that the reason for his popularity has been the recognizable humanness of his character and situation. I get the impression that most of us want contact with people of this sort on a regular real day-to-day basis, and what we want from these contacts is the sharing of our spiritual lives with others at any level, the simplest as well as the most complex. We want—at least I want—not to be alone in our vertiginous conversations with God.

I have been able to locate contacts of this sort among individuals usually of my own age who have shared similar experiences of life and thus talk my language. These are people who have arrived at their spiritual lives the hard way; our relations often grow into friendships. Friendships with those who have, by this standard, had it easy, have been more problematical, depending on their wisdom and tact but most of all upon my willingness to perceive their qualities, spiritual and otherwise, in spite of the differences of experience and so of understanding and language that used to separate us. However, as my understanding has broadened, I have begun to give up my lifelong criticalness and insistence on my standards—and I find I am beginning (just beginning) to accept anyone who is praying and can share this experience of his or hers, what it's like, what it means, and so forth, with me. I find with relief and gratitude that I am not alone here shivering and shaking on this earth. And with all of these other humans beside and around me I am much more comfortable down on my knees with my eyes turned upward. It would not be too exaggerated to say that I have been able to arrive at my spiritual life by joining the human race, by becoming a member of the fellowship of others. . . .

Nothing seems to me more appropriate to Fellowship in

Prayer than this way of experiencing God. It is a way utilized to widespread effect by many groups today, although it also was the way of the early Christians. My feeling is that we have stumbled, or been pushed by the necessity of the times, onto something vitally important to all of us. It seems to me our realbusiness as a fellowship. At any rate, in all my own recent life there has been nothing that offered me so much hope for my own life or that has offered me the sense, excruciatingly important to me, that, mere human that I am with some bad hard experiences behind me, I am able to offer others something conceivably helpful to them. —P.G.

AND ALL BE WELL

Alice Mackenzie Swaim

The morning that you fear to greet
May turn in to a day so sweet
That flowers bloom beneath your feet;
You cannot tell.

The cup you so much dread to drink
May prove less bitter than you think
As you pause at water's brink;
You cannot tell.

The rocky road your feet must climb
That seems beyond your strength this time
May lead you to a height sublime
And all be well.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Carla Patsuris

With quiet contemplation
And actions eloquent
He need not shout his faith
Across the firmament.

—

Among the lost he walks, the wounded
And abandoned and small shy things
(A child deprived of love
Who no longer sings).

Disappointments he discards...
Thorns and thistles and tangle-weeds...
Keeping only good
For next year's garden-seeds
Patiently he listens
To well-meaning meddling souls
Appointing themselves
To high crusading roles
Then, giving the critic
A pert little nod,
He smites not lest it violate
His world-joy for God.

Each deed he does, each kindly act
And sacrifice, inspires
(His is the Master's work
He never tires.)

—

We need not search afar for comfort
Here it glows
Here on our daily "Capernaum" journey
Where this good one goes.

PARENTAL REGARD

Alyce Pickett

The care and anxiety your look reveals
While gazing at your child
Physically ill,
Mirrors only in part the concern God feels
When men wander spiritually
Out of His will.

SPIRITUAL FRIENDSHIPS ACROSS THE SEAS

Louise Kidder Sparrow

My parents were liberal in their faith, rich in all Christian virtues. I grew up as a member of the Unitarian Church. Twenty years ago I spent two years in a convent in Italy as a guest and came to know and love the Abbadessa, Donna V., and the sisters who served us, and above all the dear Monsignore who came occasionally to fulfill various duties. Through my reading of his fine prose poem about the Mass and his lovely poems about nature, *I Canti della Vita*, we became close friends. By means of frequent letters over the years since we have found our spirits akin in truth in spite of differences in customs and faiths.

Once, during convent days, I loaned him an Italian edition of the beautiful Baha'i Prayers. "They are so fine," he wrote me, "people of all faiths might read and love them."

The Abbadessa talked with me twice through a double grille. During our first conversation, she affirmed that Protestants were wicked people. But I assured her that the most perfect Christian I had ever known, my father, was a Protestant. We remained affectionate friends as long as she lived. The sisters and I continue our warm friendship. Even the new Abbadessa has sent me her greetings. . . .

TRUE BEAUTY

Estelle D. Broadrick

At ninety-three, she is a real beauty. Her lined face shows a tranquil contentment, saintly patience. She has a musical laugh, and laughs often. She loves people. Her voice is always soft—caressing when she talks with children.

She has grown old gracefully. She has grown in wisdom and grace, in understanding and in endurance. She has a beautiful faith that she lives by and in. She accepts the many changes in life, and adjusts to change.

She has known all of the sorrows and hardships that may storm a human heart. She has lost loved ones through death—and through life. She remembers and treasures the sunny hours. Self-pity has no place in her heart and thoughts.

She lives quietly, does housework and light gardening when her strength permits. She finds it necessary to take an afternoon nap, and tells everyone she is getting lazy.

She walks and talks with her God daily, and it keeps her young and trusting. It keeps her beautiful.

A CHILD CALLED IT PRAYER

Mildred Long

It was the junior-age camp in the mountains. Two little girls, who were special friends, had become homesick and wanted to go home. The parents of one came to get her but did not take her friend. So Nancy (we will call her) was left at camp, now without her closest friend, and she was desolate.

All this was explained to me in the evening when the nurse came to my room to ask my help. "Nancy has been crying for two hours and nothing we have done has helped her," she said. "Will

you come and see if you can do anything?" (I was in camp as an accessory with the title of Camp Counselor.) I answered, "Yes, I'll see what I can do. Perhaps I can put her to sleep." "Well," she replied, "that would be a miracle."

So I sat on the bed with ten-year-old Nancy, a beautiful curly-haired blond with big blue eyes. Tears had all been spent. But her body was wracked by deep sobs.

I put my hand on hers and began talking to her about Jesus and the little children. In words, I pictured Him on the edge of the crowd with the children all around Him, close to Him, leaning up against His knees, looking up into his loving, compassionate eyes, and listening intently. He had cuddled one little girl in His arms and stroked her curly head. And I said, "Now you are that little girl in Jesus' arms. Feel His love and see His tender look as He holds you close."

By this time the sobbing had ceased, but Nancy was still wide-eyed. Then I talked a little about Jesus as the Good Shepherd, and we said the Twenty-third Psalm together, the other little girl in the infirmary room joining with us. Still Nancy stared at me.

I said, "Now close your eyes and go to sleep. I will stay right here." Obediently she closed her eyes and in a very short time was sound asleep.

I slipped out and knew nothing more about her except that I heard she had been awakened by a loud noise and asked to go back to her cabin.

Toward the end of the week I again visited the infirmary and a little girl who was in bed. She looked at me and said, "Oh, you're the lady who prayed for my friend." I said, "You mean the little homesick girl?" She answered, "Yes, she came back to the cabin and told us there was a lady who prayed for her and made her all well."

Through the years since then I have considered this one of the finest commentaries on prayer. If this was prayer, what made it so? I did not address God, nor ask any blessing, nor plead that He heal this child. I did not speak His name or say "Amen." What I did was to divert the child's mind away from her sorrow and lead

her to concentrate on the presence and love of Jesus. And the child was healed and made joyful again.

Is not this a good way to pray? Jesus still calls us today, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Oh, that we might become as little children!

OF FRAGRANCE AND AROMAS

Albert Jacobsen

Thunder showers in summer
Bring an ozone-rich rain—
As if Heaven had freshened
Her cloud-vapors again.

Like aquatic ambrosia
Is the waft of the sea
And the cool breath of mountains—
Rarefied purity.

Pungent balsamic needles
Famous since days of yore—
Nature's own antiseptic
Healthy lungs to restore.

Scented freshly cut grasses
Or clean hay newly mown—
Sweet as phlox or the buddleias,
Universally grown.

With their spicy aromas,
Piquant herbs provide zest—
While God's glorious blossoms
Have a fragrance that's blest.

Give to yesterday, for yesterday is gone, all the sorrows you have ever known. —A. E. Johnson

TWO SURVIVED

Phyllis Malone

I awoke abruptly from a sound sleep. My mind felt like a riptide struggling to reach an unknown shore. At first the darkness held no penetration of light. The clock on the night stand wasn't visible to my eye. My psyche was straining for a familiar sound. I waited. There wasn't a television set in the bedroom, but suddenly I saw a screen in front of me. It pictured an airplane taking off, and I watched the plane until it disappeared from view.

A message was being typed on the screen which said, "This plane is going to crash and your brother will be involved." No details. The room began to glow in a reddish hue as if it might be on fire. A feeling of fear started at the base of my spine and traveled upward until I thought every hair on my head was standing straight up. I buried my face in the pillow, too terrified to look out into the darkness again. Knowing that my pilot brother, stationed at an air base in Kansas, was in trouble, I began to pray, asking God to undertake in whatever the situation might be. Because my brother Joe was flying Air Force bombers, I knew other members would be involved, so I prayed for their safety too. Beginning to feel a certain peace, I lifted my head from the pillow as the first rays of sunlight were filtering through the windows. I returned to a sound sleep.

The next few days I pondered secretly over the startling incident, not having the courage to relate it to anyone, positive that people would try to explain it away. However, I continued to pray for Joe and the flying crew. Since the incident had occurred just before Easter, I signed Joe's Easter card and debated as to whether or not I should make reference to it. I finally decided against it.

A few days later we drove to Texas for a week's vacation

with my husband's relatives. I was so busy that the incident didn't cross my mind except in a fleeting manner. I had committed it into God's hands and was determined to leave it there.

Upon my return home, an airmail letter was waiting for me from my parents. Newspaper clippings of Joe's miraculous escape from a B-47 bomber crash were enclosed. Front-page headlines in the St. Joseph *Gazette* read: SIX-ENGINE PLANE FALLS, EXPLODES: TWO MEN SURVIVE.

The plane had crashed into a farmer's field in Perrin, Missouri, digging a crater nearly thirty feet deep. Its wreckage was spread over six acres. One engine was found half a mile from the crash site. Two of the crew had been killed. Two had bailed out to safety. My brother's life had been spared.

As I finished reading the letter, the telephone rang. Joe was calling long distance from Kansas to tell me he had been trying to reach me for a week to tell me about the accident. He said: "I'm in pretty good condition, Sis, and will be out of the hospital in a few days. I have some leave coming and I'm going to drive up and see you and the family."

I didn't understand it then and I don't understand it now. How great is God's mercy. Praise His holy Name. My heavenly father had wanted intercessory prayers for my brother. He had brought them about in His own mysterious way and in His own time.

A short time later Joe visited us and told us the details of the incident. After listening to his story, I was even more thankful for the truth that God answers prayers.

The four-member crew was flying an Air Force RB-47 on a training mission. They ran into severe turbulence. Tornadoes were forecast. There was a malfunction in the flight-control system, which prevented the instructor pilot from maintaining a level position. Between the violent thunderstorms and the plane's malfunctioning, the instructor pilot lost control of the aircraft. When he realized that control could not be regained, he shouted to the crew, "Bail out! Bail out!"

In this type of bomber—which is essentially the same size

as a Boeing 707 except that it has six engines instead of four—the man in the nose seat can bail out at any time, but the man in the co-pilot's seat must eject before the pilot is able to do so. The man in the nose bailed out. Joe was in the co-pilot's seat, and he ejected. The plane then went into a spin, and the remaining men were trapped.

"I squeezed the trigger which released the ejection seat," Joe recalled. "The canopy departed, and I followed. I blacked out during ejection, and when I came to, discovered that the wind blast had caused me to lose my flight helmet and oxygen mask. My parachute must have opened while I was unconscious. I was immediately concerned about getting enough oxygen, but apparently I was now at a low enough altitude to function without the mask and helmet. Because the atmosphere was bitter cold, I labored to wrap a scarf around one hand."

The thunder bellowed and the lightning cracked around Joe and the swirling movements of the surrounding air caused the shroud lines of his parachute to bounce him up and down like a puppet being juggled on knotted strings.

Joe said, "I prayed like no man has ever prayed. My complete thought was that if God ever answered prayers, I wanted it to be now, at this instant. In a matter of moments the answer came. Breaking through the overcast, I could see that there were approximately three thousand feet between me and good firm ground."

Now Joe was faced with more problems. Where was he going to touch down? Moving horizontally faster than vertically, he had to decide carefully but quickly upon a possible landing area, for his descent was swifter than he had anticipated. Two choices loomed up below him: a drinking pond for cattle or a small forest of irregular-looking trees. There wasn't time to ponder over the choice. Training had taught him to juggle the parachute risers to predetermine a landing site. The mixture of numbness in his cold hands, the fear in his heart, and the intensity of the wind caused him to miscalculate. He landed in the cattle pond. After a quick immersion, he floundered back to the surface. The parachute canopy struck a wharf and deflated, and nearly forty-five yards of parachute silk billowed on top of him. He spent minutes of panic

trying to free himself from its slippery clutches and keep his head above water.

As his fright began to subside, he was able to struggle out from under the parachute. When he was able to stop gulping water and catch his breath, he wondered how the cows managed to drink this vile-tasting stuff. It was only a dozen steps to shore, but he had been treading in circles. Finally reaching high ground, he fell exhausted and uttered a prayer of thanks.

Although it was midday, the storm created a condition of twilight. Lightning continued to snap like a snake whip. Seeing a herd of cattle nearby, Joe fervently hoped there wasn't an irate bull in it, because his legs just couldn't move fast enough to escape any kind of enemy. Able to stand at last, and still undecided as to which direction he should take, my brother—in the providence of God—chose the right one. After several minutes of stumbling, he saw a car traveling toward him on a dirt road. The driver, during a lightning flash, had noticed his descending parachute and headed for the pasture.

The driver rushed Joe to the nearest hospital. It was about this time that my brother began to realize he was alive and safe and that God had fully answered his prayers. He had asked for an instant answer and God rushed to that need. In the hospital he began to shake so badly from shock and exposure that it took four people to undress him and get him to bed. It was then he learned that he and the crew chief were the only survivors.

I had prayed for the entire crew, yet two lost their lives and two lived. How are we able to comprehend the ways of God? We cannot. We can only leave the unknown at the foot of the Cross with the awareness that God has a perfect plan for each of us which only eternity will reveal.

The great discovery is really the fact that we want to be good, clean, and holy; and that the bad dream consisted in our believing that we must be selfish, separatist, and vampiristic to be truly free. —Florence DeGroat in "Universal Man"

LOVE *William Mullen, Jr.*

When young love cuts deeply
the unknown heart
all life is empty
but for Your dream-like
presence.

IN ADORATION *Nicholas S. Hodska*

At times
the congregation gathers and seeks
comfort within the sanctuaries of
shrines and synagogues,
churches and cathedrals,
caves and cellars,
mosques and meeting-places,
cabins and colosseums,
camp-tents and temples,
pagodas and private places —
in adoration. . . .

Philosophical
hymns flow sweetly in the air
on their echoes.

Candle-lights dance
in their swirling shadows,
handling their cloaks
with exquisite grace.

LITTLE DUCK *Eleanor Ebersole*

"I give you sweet bread, little duck," I said. And I ate one crumb myself.

The bread was brown and warm and good. Together we ate the bread.

"Little duck," I said. "What do you now?"But had no reply.

I went on my way and the duck went his until the end of the day.

"How was your bread, little duck?" I asked. And the duck looked at me with bright black eyes.

"Good," I thought. "Good to me, too." And I hugged my duck till he ran away.

And the next of the bread I gave him, and the next, and the next.

We shared our bread as the greatest treat any day ever could give. And our bright eyes met in a brief salute to the hope of that good brown bread.

"MEN MUST LIVE IN PARADISE."

"We can hope that the new world is being born. This world, so far distinguished by its science and technology, must now become distinguished by its spiritual depth and the richness of its human qualities if it is to fulfill its historical function. It must in some manner make the present the paradisal aspect of the eschatological community. At its final moment of completion the temporal process finds its fulfillment in the wholeness, the peace, and the paradisal qualities that are associated with spatial rather than with time experience. The main function of contemporary spirituality is to create this interior paradisal space in which man can breathe the refreshing air of eternity and thus save himself from suffocation in time. . . . Men must live in paradise and this not tomorrow but today."

(From ALIENATION by Thomas Berry in The Monchanin Bulletin, Nov-Dec. 1972)

'FESSOR ADAMS

Bettie M. Sellers

Ninety-two summers he has seen,
and he raises the finest dahlias in the county.
Dahlias of every hue—reds and yellows and whites—
grow in long rows against the backfence of his lot.
I can never remember all the names,
but he labels each one with quiet pride.
They make such a bright spot
at the cross-roads that are our town,
and they will win blue ribbons this fall at the county fair.

One morning last spring,
when frost still lay white in the valley,
I met him early in front of the general store.
Bidding him a "good morning,"
I asked after the health of his ninety-two winters.
Nodding slow and smiling, he answered:
"Well, it's almost time to plant my dahlias.
If I can live till spring and get them out,
I'll live to see them bloom."

Warm afternoons, he sits, rocking on the porch
of the old white house on the corner.
I stop, thinking to cheer his lonely age,
and come away more comforted than comforting.
Today he has a sack of pecans
or a plump cabbage head—
come fall, an armful of dahlias for me.

Spring after spring,
I have watched to see him stir the soil;
I watch—
lest I should fail to see the dahlias bloom.

SOME PROPHETS *Samuel M. Silver*

1/ Ezekiel

When we hear the word "prophet" we think of one who can tell us what is going to happen in the future.

But this was not the role of the prophets of whom we read in the Bible.

The Hebrew term for "prophet" means "one who is full of the message of the Lord"—literally, an enthusiast, one who effervesces with the knowledge that he has been selected to communicate important ideals.

The prophets spoke to their own generation some thousands of years ago. Yet they continue to speak to us, too.

When Amos thundered, "Let justice well up like waters," he was speaking to those governments who have enthroned inequity and those individuals who have exalted bigotry.

When Isaiah and Micah said, "Turn your swords into plowshares," they were addressing not only the powers that flourished in their times but all who use violence and power as a means of resolving the tensions that arise among nations and men.

And when a great spirit like Ezekiel admonishes the people of his day to refrain from sin and from iniquity, when he pleads with his neighbors to derive their joy from serving and not from dominating others, he speaks to you and me also.

Ezekiel! There are more of his words in our sacred books than of most other members of the Biblical cast.

It is Ezekiel who dramatizes his presentations in striking ways. It is he who imagines that he looks upon a valley of dry bones and envisages those inanimate objects gradually being revivified, taking on flesh and springing into life.

By that imagery Ezekiel comforts us. He assures us that we have the power within us to revitalize ourselves when we think we have ceased to function properly. Many of us have emptied our lives of meaning. We have become useless and powerless and have lost our sense of direction. By an exertion of our will we can reinvigorate ourselves. God has given us that potential;

we must fulfill ourselves.

What does the name Ezekiel mean? All Biblical names have some meaning, and often the name itself brings a flash of new insight to our minds. In Hebrew Ezekiel—pronounced *y-chez-kayl*—means "the Lord will strengthen." What a promise and what a prospect! When we feel weak, *y-chez-kayl*, the Lord will strengthen. When we feel worn out, dried up, drained of energy and vitality, remember *y-chez-kayl*. We can, if we do our share, gain new faith and fortitude out of the everlasting sustenance provided us by Almighty God.

2/ Jeremiah

Why are Thou cast down, O my soul?

This question in Scriptures corresponds to a mood which frequently grips us.

Our souls become cast down when someone snubs us, when an effort we have made is frustrated, when we suffer defeat in love, work, or some competitive enterprise.

Often there seems to be no explanation. We merely lose our vigor and our verve. Suddenly we are crestfallen; we see no reason to go on living. The heady wine of existence has turned to ashes in our mouths. Our spirits are low.

On such occasions it is profitable to turn to that great textbook of humanity, the Bible.

In the stories of the Bible, in the personages of the Bible, we can see the duplication of our own experiences. We learn that others went through the same valleys of despair and were able to find new springs of motivation, fresh cause of exhilaration, motives for continued living and laughing and loving.

One of the most notable figures in the Bible is the prophet Jeremiah. He was, it is true, often melancholy and sad. First of all, he didn't want to be a messenger of the Lord. He knew that acceptance of a public task would lead to abuse and attack. Yet he was so sensitive that he was driven to voice the ideas which God planted within him.

So he went forth to the leaders of the people and, without

credentials or portfolio, he carried out what today might be called a demonstration. He relayed to the powers that be that if they would not listen to the cries of the oppressed and exploited, the nation was doomed. He spoke not in his own name but in the name of one who sent him, Our Father on High.

He was persecuted. He was punished. He was humiliated. His writings were burnt. He himself was placed in prison and left to die.

His soul was cast down, as he was. Yet he did not cease his remonstrances or put an end to his prophecies. Prophecies are not forecasts of what will come; they are the expressions of concern over the waywardness of people, for the Hebrew word for prophet—*Nawvie*—does not mean to "predict" but "to bubble over with a special message for mankind."

The very name of this prophet Jeremiah means "God will lift up." As we review his name and his story, we are given new hope that if we make use of the vision within us and practice righteousness, though we may often be cast down, we will be exalted and vindicated by Almighty God.

"Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time. Hatred ceases only by love."
—Buddha

WHAT IF - - - *Alexia J. Ostergaard*

The sun no longer shines
Nor songbirds sing?
Flowers lose their fragrance
And there is no Spring?

And the moon and stars
Stop shining above
On a world filled with hate
Instead of love?

PROPHETIC RADICALISM *by Herrymon Maurer*

Part Two

(Part One of this article appeared in the April issue)

The prophetic is contemporary

The religious groups who have fulfilled the prophetic need—and in so doing have influenced the larger organizations, often against their expressed will—are small sub-groups and sects. These bodies themselves are usually the creation of men with strong prophetic inclinations, as for instance Francis of Assisi or John Huss or Charles Wesley. The Third Order, the Hussites, the early Wesleyans, together with the Waledensians and the Anabaptists, were such groups. So long as they retained vitality, they perpetuated the prophetic streak.

Most successful in preserving prophetic vitality were Quakerism, which broke out in England with great force in 1625, and Hasidism, which erupted in Central Europe about seventy-five years later. Founded by men of different background, the two movements were outwardly distinct. George Fox made silent waiting for Light the central and compelling fact of the various Quaker communities, while Israel ben Eliezer, called the Baal Shem Tov, created teacher-student communities, held together by a joyous, even noisy experience of God. Founded and perpetuated by men whose encounters with truth were spirit-shaking, both movements, however, were alike in the inward force they generated and in the prophetic witness they maintained. Both movements kept vitality for nearly two hundred years. They produced such authentic and concerned voices as Zusya of Hanipol, who was so zealous for the redemption of all men that he took upon himself the evil of everyone he met, and John Woolman, who was so set against slavery and every form of oppression that he cut down his own business to labor and suffer with quiet insistence for pure Wisdom. Both movements retain some strength today, Quakerism through the occasional

flashing of its old prophetic light, Hasidism through the writing of the contemporary scholar Martin Buber, a man strongly marked by the prophetic.

So much for the churches. Apart from small groups, the prophetic has been given its most powerful recent expression by literary men. In the main, this is a phenomenon of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Earlier, to be sure, there were occasional flashes of prophetic insight in the literature of almost all countries, and in the seventeenth century West there was the sustained prophetic denunciation of Swift, whom people have been trying ever since to make into a misanthrope instead of what he was, a castigator who used the whip of words to try to turn his listeners—and himself—away from evil.

But it is in the middle of the nineteenth century that writers with a true prophetic witness emerge in numbers. There was Dostoevsky, troubled and titanic, anticipating and in two sentences brushing off as "unspeakable boredom" Nietzsche's philosophy of the eternal return of all things, dismissing with similar abruptness the urge that would drive twentieth-century sociologists to tabulate human nature mathematically, posing forever the terrible alternatives of bread and freedom, warning with great force against the reduction of man to an ant heap, denouncing with astonishing insight the urge to raise up a man-God to usurp the place of the God-man. In America there was Thoreau—as quiet as Dostoevsky was fervent but no less strong in conviction—whose concern for simplicity of life and for freedom from oppression and the State drove him not simply to the writing of books but also to symbolic acts of a sort common among the prophets of Israel: the retreat to Walden, for instance, or the incarceration in Concord jail. In France there was Leon Bloy, loud, intemperate, and passionate in both his denunciation of the rich and in his espousal of the poor. Like his friend Péguy and his disciple Bernanos, who preached the suffering and humiliated Christ and who wrote about people who were humble and poor, Bloy was forever addressing himself to particular situations, often through the medium of letters and essays. Prophetic indi-

viduals usually have little truck with universal history or grand ideas.

These names suggest the range of the prophetic in our own times. They by no means exhaust the numbers of persons who have manifested it. Their numbers are increased, furthermore, by a number of scholars. The philosophers of the Chinese literary renaissance, Hu Shih, for example, were relentlessly addicted to particular truths, so relentlessly that they came to treat truth as something inviolate. They warned against specific injustices, often at the risk of punishment. Most of these men were either Christian or—out of a conviction that formal religion was an outrage of truth—agnostic, but they came to resemble in purpose although not in manner the early sage-prophets of China and gave, until the eclipse of Chinese culture by Communism, a contemporary expression of the prophetic streak that had appeared in Chinese history in the form of scholars like Mencius, Tu Fu, Fan Cheng-yen, Su Tung-p'o, and Wang Yang-ming.

Chinese scholarship went straight toward concrete facts (and thus to truth) more easily than did Western, because there was less interposition of generalized ideas, authoritarian principles, and abstract concepts. The scholars of the West who have most successfully broken through this barrier—for them it is singularly tough—are philosophers of religion, as contrasted with theologians, most of whom keep to the safe and reasonable side of the obstacle. Of these writers there are two men of astonishing and consistent capacity for the prophetic, Martin Buber and Nicolas Berdyaev. Berdyaev has repeatedly called for a "prophetic spirituality," and Buber has written remarkable descriptions of the prophetic:

"The prophets of Israel have never announced a God upon whom their hearers' striving for security reckoned. They have always aimed to shatter all security and to proclaim in the opened abyss of final insecurity the unwished-for God who demands that His human creatures become real, become human, and who confounds all who imagine that they can take refuge in the certainty that the temple of God is in their midst. . The primal reality

of these prophecies is as living and actual in this historical hour as ever."

The prophetic streak in these two men seems not to be a matter of their own conscious awareness. The prophetic personality does not aim at prophecy but at truth, at the encounter with what is given, at the meeting of the divine and the human, at the dialogue between man and man and between man and God. Buber has sought to describe this encounter with an exactness that has never before been attempted. Berdyaev has sought to indicate the circumstances under which it occurs: a yearning of men for God and of God for men that can be satisfied only through personality, freedom, suffering, and truth.

In most cases, of course, prophetic persons, not to mention the prophets themselves, are to be met face-to-face only in what they have written and what has been written about them. We see their faces, true, but as through a veil; we do not catch exactly the physical fact of the pain or joy in their eyes, of the gestures of their hands, of the movements of their heads, of their step, their stride, the carriage of their bodies. This fullness of acquaintance is possible only with persons we know, and I imagine that among such persons we find the prophetic if we look for it. Counting on my fingers, I think at once of half a dozen personal friends. I see them as persons of ready humor but also deep seriousness. Not one of them has that steady serenity of mind that makes the mystic or the saint. The prophetic and the serene, I suspect, are not altogether compatible.) These friends may have times of joy, but they have recurrent times of anguish, tension, distress, distaste, and sorrow. There is always the eternal conflict between the inalterably true and the world as it is; the prophetic function is always to bear conflict and anguish and turn them to use.

As I think of these friends, I am struck by the fact that I have repeatedly seen each of them shift from one particular mood to another very different one. I see each one of them talking quietly, gently, humbly: somehow as if he were a little unsure and somewhat shaken by life. Then the conversation suddenly

becomes a true meeting of one person with another, and each one suddenly becomes alive, afire, driven by conviction, unshakable in certainty. I find myself thinking particularly of a friend whose face is now deeply lined and who has suffered much in life without ever making talk of it. I picture him reading a few verses aloud from the Bible, quietly and almost hesitantly, and then looking up, laying aside his glasses, and speaking—just as quietly but with a force that comes from his whole person—what the verses have meant to him, cutting with complete certainty through theological tangles, sweeping aside disputed issues, and giving with absolute I-know certainty whatever of his life has point for the person with whom he is reading.

The prophetic is not unusual amongst us. It is simply hidden, overlaid, overlooked. It is, perhaps, open to any of us to experience in some measure if we choose to. The experience may contain actual and forceful conviction. (For us of more talk than experience, the conviction may be a highly incomplete one of God, or it may be a conviction of atheism, which is often a rebellion against the God of the theologians and the churches in favor of a more complete sense of truth, in which case it is a faithful lack of faith.) The experience may also be a burning indignation that things are not as they should be, of a bitter consciousness of the distance between facts seen and facts hoped for, between the hope of good and the reality of evil. Our very frustrations, very conflict of emotions, very tensions of mind, sometimes arise from a contrast, seen sharply in the mind's eye, between the world as it is and truth. Within our own selves a deep though often hidden awareness of what is real confronts and castigates the lure of what is false.

Creation and beyond-creation

What is real? What is it that binds together persons in dissimilar times, places them within a prophetic tradition, charges them with force, and leads them to attack lies, dogmas, rituals, and lack of faith? Certainly it is something more than a somewhat disturbed

awareness—such as we are forced in spite of ourselves to undergo —of the concrete facts of truth, faith, and involvement. Something more than this, certainly, was in the mind of Isaiah, when he called out: "Woe to those who call good evil, and call evil good, who make out darkness to be light, light to be darkness, who make out bitter to be sweet, sweet to be bitter! Woe to those who think themselves so wise, fancy themselves shrewd!...who let off guilty men for a bribe, and deprive the innocent of his rights!" Something more, certainly, was in Isaiah's mind when he pictured a day when he could imagine people singing: "O Eternal, I adore thee; though thou wast angry with me... Yes, God is my deliverance. I trust him unafraid, the Eternal is my strength, of him I sing, he has delivered me indeed." And something more, certainly, was in the mind of George Fox two thousand years later when he prayed "that the dread and terror of the Lord may be among you and Deceit confounded.'

It is evident that encounters which seem taxing to us are mild in comparison with the mighty encounters of the prophets. They demand that truth be alive and active in the world of men, the world of history. They call, goad, or belabor all men within hearing to fresh faith in the reality in which all men live. They announce not only the involvement of one man with another and of each man with the universe; they also declare what these involvements should be. In short, they go beyond the common, universal experience of men and women. They make demands which are themselves an answer to the problem that has taxed man's heart and his imagination since he first looked into the heavens and first stared at the creation around him.

The problem is God. The prophets saw him simply, directly, and supremely through an experienced relationship. But men have had a variety of such relationships. They have known an upreach toward God; they have known also God's downreach to them. What did the prophets know?

Certainly they knew an upreach toward God. They knew what might be called a vertical relationship with Him, whereby they looked upward with awe and fear and with ready acceptance

of whatever He gave. The uplooking relationship is also the way of mystics, with some of whom the prophets have much in common. The prophets, however, had something more in mind than mysticism of the sort that aims at the absorption of a man's self in the One. Such a mystic wants to get out of the confinements of life and of time, to push away the distracting influences of persons and things around him. Therefore he studies various rungs of a spiritual ladder and puts his whole life into the process of preparing himself for each successive level, starting with the lower rung of simple petitionary utterances, proceeding, if it is granted, to the higher reaches of contemplation of God and even of speculation concerning the Godhead, and ending in a union with it whereby the self is absorbed.

This sort of vertical relationship is indeed a fact of experience. It has been experienced by countless Hindu mystics, and it spread through Persia and Greece to affect powerfully the lives of many Christians and to direct their gaze toward the top of the ladder. There was the great speculative mystic of the fourteenth century, Meister Eckhart. There was Jacob Boehme, the force of whose writings touched off German philosophical idealism. There were the great mystics of the Catholic Reform, Theresa of Avila and John of the Cross, whose records of direct experience of various stages of selflessness, timelessness, and closeness to God stirred the whole of Europe. There were the Quietists, who developed a method of utter passivity in waiting upon God. And there practical men like Brother Lawrence, who found that by true concentration while scrubbing the scullery floor he could rise to that state where he knew constantly nothing but the presence of God.

The prophets urge, of course, a direct experience of Deity, but what they urge is somewhat more homely than mysticism of the self-absorbing type. Gautama, who sought deliverance and a union with something beyond existence and nonexistence, emphasized practical methods for dealing with human passions and obedience to a path of right behaviour in the world, rejecting along the way asceticism of the extreme sort. The prophets of Israel did not picture a series of steps leading toward God. They simply turned to

Him. Jesus laid down no rules for climbing a spiritual ladder. He called for immediate spiritual rebirth and for a ready finding of God. He did not say, "Study and concentrate and climb." He said, "Love."

Much of Indian thought, Albert Schweitzer has pointed out, "is focused on world and life negation." The observation does not exhaust the experience of mysticism, but it describes the type that seeks final self-absorption. Such a mysticism follows a path that moves straight from man to God, whether it be the Atman or the Godhead, the Self or the All, and that forbids men from becoming involved with one another or with creation. Along such a path there is little occasion for love of neighbor or for stumbling realizations of the truths of God's creation. The prophetic is something different from mysticism of the extreme sort. It calls for awe toward creation as well as toward the Creator.

It is said of the fervent Hasidic teacher, Zusya of Hanipol, that he once prayed, "Lord, I love you so much, but I do not fear you enough! Let me stand in awe of you like your angels, who are penetrated by your awe-inspiring name!" And God heard his prayer, and his name penetrated the hidden heart of Zusya as it does those of the angels. But Zusya crawled under the bed like a little dog, and animal fear shook him until he howled, "Lord, let me love you like Zusya again!" And God heard him this time also.

A comparable experience is reported by the early Quaker, Isaac Penington. . . . Such rejection of above-creation ecstasy and union is illumined by Martin Buber, who reports 'religious enthusiasms' in his earlier years during which 'time could be torn apart' and 'illumination, ecstasy and rapture held.' One day, after a morning of such experiences, he received a visit from a young man. Buber writes: "I conversed attentively and openly with him—only I omitted to guess the questions which he did not put. Later, I learned from one of his friends—he himself was no longer alive—the essential content of these questions. I learned that he had come to me not casually but borne by destiny, not for a chat but for a decision. He had come to me, he had come in this hour. What do we expect when we are in despair and yet go to a

man? Surely a presence by means of which we are told that nevertheless there is meaning. . . . Since then I have given up the 'religious,' which is nothing but the exception, extraction, exaltation, ecstasy; or it has given me up. I possess nothing but the everyday out of which I am never taken."

There is another type of vertical relation, the extreme theological. Generally speaking, it emphasizes not an actual experience of God but a conviction about His majesty and man's depravity. God, the ruler of the universe, is too far above man to engage in dialogue with him. Such theology makes it possible to give an accounting in terms of rationally connected ideas for various problems posed by man's existence on earth, but it is foreign to the prophetic tradition. Berdyaev calls it "a servile doctrine which deprives the life of man and the world of all meaning. God with man and the world is a greater thing than God without man and the world....A false doctrine of Providence has led to an attitude of servile reverence before power and authority, to the apotheosis of success in this world and in the last resort to evil....A loftier and freer way of thought must recognize the humaneness of God. Otherwise that which is idolatrously called God is a devil and not God."

The prophets are not ideologists. They have a continuing experience of God. He talks to them; they reply to Him. Sometimes the prophets of Israel even talk back to Him. God is something utterly apart from them; but He is close to them. Along the vertical line between God and men there is two-way traffic. God looks down with love and severity; men look up with awe and fear—and acceptance, acceptance of what God has given, acceptance of His facts, His universe.

This acceptance can be pictured in terms of a horizontal line intersecting the vertical one. The horizontal line stands for the encounters of men with one another and for their relationship to other living creatures, to the earth, the sky, the sticks, the stones, and the waters of creation. The resolution of the prophets is caught by the Psalmist in the phrase, "I will live mindful of thee now in the land of the living." Here we have a divine-human

involvement, in which not only does man need God, but also God needs man. Here we have the life-giving intersection of two lines of relationship that gives the prophets the will and the force to make truth known in the world, that makes it possible for one man to encourage another to turn and encounter God, to experience Him as a fact.

This sort of experience of God is clearly the source of the teachings of Jesus and the prophets of Israel. Something very close to it is the source of the teachings of Lao-tze, and something not foreign to it the source for Gautama and the small prophetic voices that were occasionally raised in India until Gandhi spoke out loud. The same experience has released prophetic force all over the world. The early Quaker apologist, Robert Barclay, for instance, observes that 'salvation lieth not in the literal but the experimental knowledge." Among Quakers, among the Hasidim, among the scattered men of prophetic streak this knowledge was not only the experience God and man had of one another but also the experience of each man with his neighbor.

Manipulation or suffering

Now if every man is in a relationship to God, whether he can bring himself to practice it or not, he is a creature of dignity and worth. His condition can be symbolized by the statement in Genesis that "God formed man in his own likeness," a statement made three times in slightly different forms in the first five chapters of that book. It can be symbolized by sparks cast by the divine into the hearts of men, an image common to the Hasidim and other groups, or by the Inward Light, that of God in every man, the term used by the Quakers. Whatever the symbol, each person under heaven has heavenly significance; he is to be treated as if God were with him or —among Easterners— as if God were in him.

Violence upon such an almost-divine person is unthinkable; so is oppression; so is the use of him as a butt for such evils as pique, anger, jealousy, or other emotional twists. And so is the manipulation of any man by any other man for any purpose whatever, even for the purpose of bringing him closer to truth. Whether such a man turns toward truth is something that he must decide

for himself; no one else may play upon his emotions of fear or his desires for approval, for such play is likely to debase him and drive him farther from God. Manipulation, which has been a favorite trick of the dogmatists from Brahmins to Calvinists, from Pharoahs to Commissars, is a favorite subject of prophetic denunciation.

In ancient China, nonmanipulation was described in the negative term of noninterference. It was so described by the early Hindus. The prophets of Israel and Jesus after them urged the positive commandment of love: love of God became love of neighbor; love of neighbor became love of God. At the same time love of God became love of creation, and acceptance of its given facts became love of God. Not only was God a fact, but a whole series of earthly relationships were facts: truth and hatred, hurt and forgiveness, anger and love, good and evil. The universality of agreement that the facts of men's involvement with one another were not chimeras of the imagination, but concrete, inescapable realities, is suggested by a strikingly prophetic passage from the *Dhammapada* (literally, Word of the Doctrine), attributed to Gautama:

"He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me—in those who harbor such thoughts hatred will never cease....In those who do not harbor such thoughts hatred will cease. For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time: hatred ceases by love—this is an old rule. . . . They who imagine truth in untruth, and see untruth in truth, never arrive at truth, but follow vain desires . . . . The virtuous man delights in this world, and he delights in the next. He delights and rejoices, when he sees the purity of his own work. . . . Do not speak harshly to anyone; those who are spoken to will answer thee in the same way. Angry speech is painful; blow for blow will touch thee. . . . Let a man overcome anger by love, let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth."

Clearly, if what separates man from man and man from creation separates him also from God, whatever causes that separation is evil. Among mystics aiming at self-absorption, distraction is the great sin. Among believers in a one-shot revelation of Deity,

failure to believe in the revelation is the great sin. The prophets, by contrast, have a much more extensive and much more homely knowledge of evil and a lively sensitivity to it. Isaiah is convinced by the facts of oppression, hypocrisy, and self-righteousness that the people of Israel are separated from one another and thus from the Eternal, with whom, however, it is possible for them again to be close:

"Your hands are full of bloodshed; wash yourselves clean, banish your evil doings from my sight, cease to do wrong, learn to do right, make justice all your aim, and put a check on violence, let orphans have their rights, uphold the widow's cause....scarlet your sins may be, but they can become as white as snow."

Such evils of manipulation draw the denunciation of the prophets. Hypocrisy, oppression, and—Isaiah's words—"grinding the face of the poor" were the chief evidences of man's forsaking God and of thus bringing upon himself utter destruction. Jesus, for his part, preaches love and forgiveness, denounces anger, lust, hatred, violence, hypocrisy, covetousness, and superiority. He reaches out to the poor and the sick; he calls down woe on oppressors, hypocrites, and seekers after signs. Lao-tze enveighs against the rich, the mighty and great, false desires, names, ceremonies, high learning, violence, riches and honor, rare goods, covetousness, hoarding, faithlessness, private schemes, boasting, self-display, taxation of the poor, pride, warfare, cleverness, fussiness, and even eloquence. These are not to him—any more than they are to any of the prophets—isolated sins, to be learned by rote in order that they may be remembered and avoided; they are not taboos; they are evils of relationship, to be overcome by moving toward Tao, toward God.

The earliest prophets have no tools save exhortation to good and denunciation of evil to move men to set aright their relations with one another and with God. Nor do they have a conception of suffering other than as a visitation from God which men must accept. Gradually, however, there emerges the conviction that the prime fact of both human and divine relationships—love—is the tool to

recall those who have turned their backs. In point of time this idea appears first in Taoism, although in the limited guise of non-manipulation rather than in the guise of dynamic, outgoing love. Emphasis on this dynamic is attributed to Gautama, who flourished about the end of the sixth century B.C. The Buddhist scriptures, however, were not committed to writing until an indeterminate time some hundreds of years later. It would seem that just as a wide comprehension of the horizontal and vertical relationships of life suddenly appeared about the time of Isaiah, so a wide comprehension of the lever-power of love suddenly appeared in the centuries immediately preceding the beginning of the Christian era. In Judea, this comprehension took root among various religious groups and in the person of Jesus. It flowered almost at once.

The new way of dealing with evil was to love the evildoer, although not his evildoing, and to take evil upon oneself. It inevitably meant suffering: suffering not on the part of the evildoer but on the part of the person seeking to turn him from evil. This sort of love added a new dimension to man's encounter with man, enlarged the prophetic understanding of man's encounters with God. For if suffering is something that a man can freely take upon himself as an act of love, suffering is no longer an inexplicable visitation from God. The belief that God causes suffering begins to disappear, and with it the belief that He intervenes in a special way in His physical creation. God acts no less, but he acts in the realm of the spirit. Even the suffering of sickness or famine or earthquake or other disaster ceases to be His visitation and becomes something that has a meaningfulness apart from His incomprehensible works. The picture of God's suffering servant enlarges and grows. Among Jews of the exile, this picture took the form of a belief in the mission of a suffering people. Among the early Christians the picture became a symbol of Jesus as God himself: during his life and death Jesus suffered as a man suffers, but yet he was God suffering. A tremendous and daring vision: man as a suffering servant, but God as a suffering servant also, and furthermore God suffering not alone pain and anguish but even the humiliation of a criminal's death.

The manifestations of this new sense of suffering after the early centuries of the Christian era are not sharp and the recording of them not altogether clear. And for many generations suffering as a relationship between men and between men and God was relegated to the realm of total mystery, theology, or speculation. Yet the new dynamic of suffering love did not die out; it hibernated. Within recent centuries it has undergone a powerful surge of life. Among some Christians—Dostoevsky and Bloy, for example—it has meant a love of sinners and a will to take sin upon oneself.

It is told of Zusya of Hanipol that when he was still a disciple he once rebuked a man for self-evident sin. The man left in silence, and Zusya knew he had done wrong. "Then his teacher pronounced a blessing over him, that from this moment on he might see only the good in people, even if a person sinned before his very eyes. But because Zusya's gift of vision could not be taken from him through words spoken by man, it came to pass that from that time on he felt the sins of the people he met as his own and blamed himself for them."

Hasidic legend tells a story of Zusya typical of almost all the Hasidic leaders:

"Our sages say: 'The bold-faced go to hell, the shame-faced to paradise.' Rabbi Zusya, God's fool, expounded these words as follows: 'Whoever is bold in his holiness may descend to hell in order to raise what is base. He may roam about in the alleys and market-places and need not fear evil. But he who is shame-faced, who lacks boldness, must keep to the heights of paradise, to studying and praying. He must beware of coming in contact with evil."

This interpretation points to the driving will of the Hasidic communities to turn men to God, to redeem everybody, to redeem the world itself. Work, marriage, and the things of the world were not treated as evils in themselves. Just as human beings were not to transcend themselves and unite mystically with the All, but rather turn joyously to truth and transfigure themselves, so they were not to transcend the facts of creation but to lift them up before truth and transfigure them into acts of worship.

Among Quakers, meanwhile, suffering had become a positive method for the correction of social evils. The early Friends, sharp for the manifestation of truth in particulars, undertook to suffer even for their manners in order to witness the equality of men: they refused to follow customs of speech or hat-wearing and not infrequently landed in jail for not showing respect to authority. During the period of religious intolerance, Quakers, alone among dissenters, met for worship openly. Some twelve thousand men and women went to prison; some hundreds died there; and in a number of places children were left to keep meetings open. "Our testimony," said William Penn, "is not fighting but suffering." A religious seeker who finally became a Friend reported as follows: "These people were despised, persecuted, and suffered deeply beyond others, for others could flee from sufferings and conform a little sometimes; but these abode and stood though the winds blew, and the rains fell and the floods beat upon them."

Such behaviour was initiated on a large scale in our own century in India by Mohandas Gandhi, who said, "If blood be shed let it be our blood. Cultivate the quiet courage of dying without killing." "Self-sacrifice of one innocent man is a million times more potent than the sacrifice of millions of men who die in the act of killing others." "There is no one so fallen in this world but can be converted by love." The Truth that Gandhi loved was his weapon against the evil he hated, and he considered it the the purpose of his life to experiment with its uses.

A living tradition is the prophetic. It is not an authority to determine what men and women should experience; it is rather a verification of what they experience. It is particularly a verification of concrete facts. Unless, indeed, a relationship to another person or to God is composed of what is real, of what is given, it is so nebulous as not to be a relation at all. The prophetic is concerned with what we cannot escape; the facts of of our everyday life are far larger than we can sense; so are the root certainties which we cannot help accepting.

(From WHAT CAN I KNOW? by Herrymon Maurer, published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Used by the kind permission of the author)

NOTICES AND COMMENT

FIP IN NIGERIA. Pastor John Akpan Imah, Foreign Zone Advisor from Calabar in S.E.S. Nigeria, has sent a complete report on the busy and successful activities of the Fellowship under his supervision. In the next issue of this bi-monthly we will print selections from this interesting report as well as Pastor Imah's photo.

FIP IN BURLINGTON. Trustee Emily Councilman reports that the Fellowship group in Burlington, N.C., will be meeting in two's or three's throughout the summer. Later she will be sending in a report on the group's year of regular activity—possibly written jointly by all who participated. We hope to publish this report, too.

NEWSLETTER. Our March Newsletter about the Fellowship's tour of the Holy Land has gone to various parts of the world. We are grateful to recipients who have written to us to say how much they enjoyed this 'very interesting and inspiring account.' Anyone wishing to receive a copy should please let us know. We are now setting up files for our pictures and slides for lectures.

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Prof. A.M.Molina (Philippines)
Dr Teh-yao Wu (Singapore)
Dr C.H.Yeang (Malaysia)

SPRING OPENED HER PURSE TODAY

William Walter De Bolt

Whose greenbacks are these
spread upon the lawns and meadows?
Whose all the silver of the rill
and river?
Whose gold freely minted
by dandelions and buttercups?

Spring opened her purse today
and these are my wages
for working like a genie
in the dark mines of winter.

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Starting next month. . . .

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